

**WELDON ATHERSTONE'S KILLER MAY STILL LIVE—** but his identity, and his incentive will remain one of those Unsolved Crimes re-told in detail for your study by **STUART MARTIN**. Can you form a theory on the mystery of

## THE MAN WHO CLIMBED THE GARDEN WALL?



"The happiest moments in my life," says lovely Linda Carroll, Windmill Theatre soubrette, "are when Mummy lets me do the cooking at home on Sundays." You might not think that very extraordinary, but for Linda Carroll, one of the busiest young ladies in London, it says a lot, because, apart from broadcasts, troop shows and recordings, she appears six days a week on the Windmill stage. Linda started her stage career at the age of fourteen, when, without her Mother's consent, she left school and joined a Florence Desmond show as a chorine. She made good, and when the show finished she got a better job in a touring company, and from that time she has climbed the ladder to success rung by rung, and last year, at the Stoll Theatre she gained the distinction of playing the title role in "Cinderella."

THE moment you take up the mystery of the killing of Thomas Anderson, otherwise Weldon Atherstone, you step into an intricate puzzle of crime.

The two names belonged to one man, but there was nothing criminal behind that. He was an actor, and his stage name was Atherstone. Let us approach the crime with the policeman who discovered it.

This policeman was on duty one July evening, at dusk, in Battersea Bridge Road, thirty-three years ago, when he heard what sounded like a shot being fired. He turned towards the direction of the sound, and was met by a man who came running to him to say that he had heard two shots come from an unoccupied flat in Prince of Wales road.

The two went towards the flat. Prince of Wales Road is a turning at right-angles to Battersea Bridge Road.

### The empty Flat

The policeman tried the door of the flat and found it unlocked. He pushed it open and entered, switching on his lamp. The flat was in the hands of decorators. There were tools and materials lying about. There was also a small handbag. Next to it was a pair of almost new brown boots.

The policeman opened the handbag. It was empty. But the boots were not workmen's boots. Had a burglar come to work in the neighbouring flats?

The policeman knew that at that time an armed, dangerous gang of German burglars were known to be operating in South London. He searched cautiously.

But the flat was empty, so out towards the back garden went the policeman with his lamp. And there, at the gate leading to the garden, he came across a man lying across the outside steps leading to the scullery, terribly wounded on the right side of his face by two bullet-

holes. On this man's feet were a pair of carpet slippers.

The wounded man was past speech, in fact he died in a short time; but when his clothing was searched there was no trace of a gun to be found, although there was something else—a wicked-looking bludgeon in his coat-tail pocket, made of roughly twisted electric cable.

The policeman sent word to his station and continued his investigation. He went up to the flat above the empty one. There were two people there, one a boy of 19 years who had come to supper with the occupier, a woman who was a friend of Weldon Atherstone. The boy was Atherstone's son. He had come, he said (and this was corroborated by the woman), to talk over some books which he wanted to borrow.

This woman had for some time taken a genuine interest in the education of the son, and it was no secret that Atherstone, the father, was in love with her. These facts came out later.

### Who climbed the Wall?

In reply to the policeman's queries, the boy said he did hear two shots, and had looked out of the back window and had seen a man climb the garden wall and disappear. It was impossible for anyone to see the body of the victim from the window because of an outside iron staircase that served the four flats as a fire escape.

The policeman asked the boy down to see if he could identify the body. They went down together, but young Anderson (the name by which the boy was known) was unable to identify his own father, which could be understood because the face was covered with blood; later, however, at the mortuary, the identification was made.

The woman proved rather difficult from the police point of view. She became very hysterical and distressed when she heard the facts, and no information of importance was gained from her.

Scotland Yard took the case in hand. They found corroboration of young Anderson's story. Footprints were traced across three gardens to a wall bordering Battersea Bridge Road. Moreover, a witness came forward to say that he had seen a man come over the wall and run off in the gathering dusk.

The footprints showed a double trail, proving that the unknown had come the same way he had departed. A second witness was found, who said he had been passed in Battersea Bridge Road by a man who was running; and running so noiselessly that the figure had startled the witness.

Detectives proved that the brown boots found in the empty flat belonged to Atherstone. But why was the actor wearing soft carpet slippers when he was murdered?

The answer is—jealousy! Why was Atherstone carrying a rude bludgeon in his pocket? The answer is the same.

### To meet his Rival

From a diary the actor kept, the police found that Atherstone had entertained wild suspicions that the woman he loved had other friends. It was sur-



mised that he had come, changed his boots for soft slippers, intending to meet his rival and bludgeon him as he descended the fire escape.

But the main point is: Who killed Atherstone? There was a theory that the murderer was one of the German gang who had met Atherstone unexpectedly. At the time, I opposed this theory. I still oppose it.

Professional burglars do not work at dusk. These flats do not have the loot worth the risk. A gang does not have a lone wolf doing a job. Only one man ran away.

It was also suggested that Atherstone shot himself. This is a theory that cannot stand, either. Why change his boots for that? Yet the wounds in his face were consistent with him holding the revolver.

### Footprints clue

Ah, there is a clue. Go back to the footprints, the double trail. The man who made that trail wore pointed toes on his shoes. Indoor pumps that a man might wear knowing he was going only a short distance!

I do not say this woman had another lover. I do not believe it. She was an educated woman, refined, who liked books and music. Atherstone had stood outside the flat often, watching for a rival to come up the street. Why shouldn't a perfectly honest friend, in order to avoid unpleasantness, call by the back way?

I believe it was Atherstone who had the revolver, as well as the bludgeon, and that the meeting of the two men began with a wild struggle, and that the unknown gripped the revolver to thrust it away—and two shots rang out!

What was left for the unknown to do? Take the gun and dispose of it later. Battersea is near the Thames. Could this unknown come forward and tell the truth? He was afraid of the capital charge and all that was involved.

What would you have done if this theory is correct?

## DOG LAUNDRY MAKES GOOD

THREE little girls, aged 13, 11 and 10, have gone into war work on their own account—and, what is more, to work of their own choosing.

They are all dog-lovers, and so their thoughts of war service just naturally happened to turn to something which would help pets neglected while their masters are away and their mistresses are doing part-time munition work.

So they opened a dog-washing establishment.

They do a roaring trade at four shillings for a big dog and two shillings for a small one, and deal with every breed and size of dog imaginable in the course of their work.

Both dogs and customers seem to be quite content with the treatment they receive—even the dirty dogs who should have every reason to anticipate rough handling.



A selection of the day's laundry passing through towards that state of cleanliness which humans insist upon, but which dogs dislike.



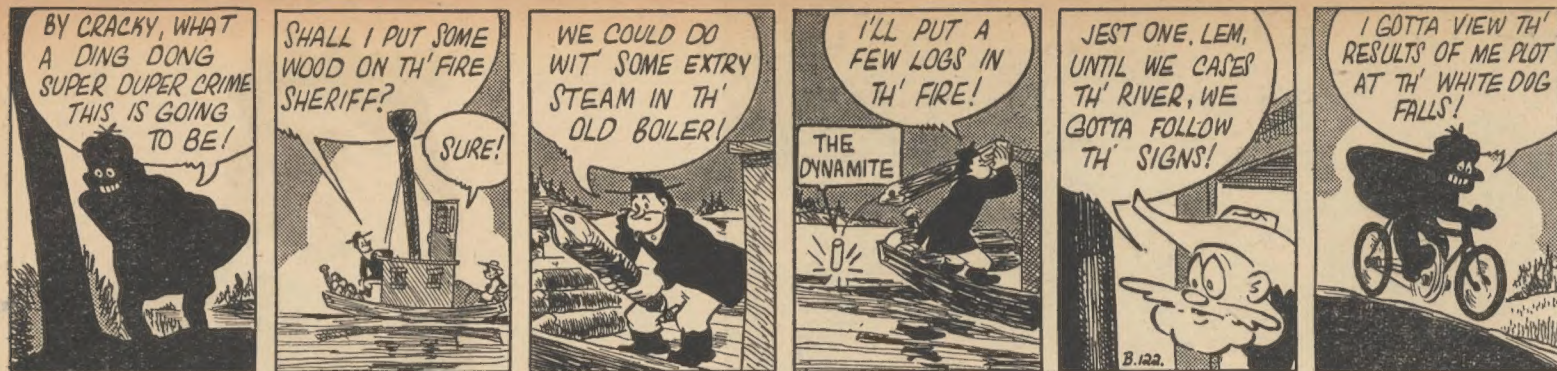
Charlie, our Whistling Submariner, will now render his newest number: "Oh Linda, I know you're lovely, But you're ever so far away."







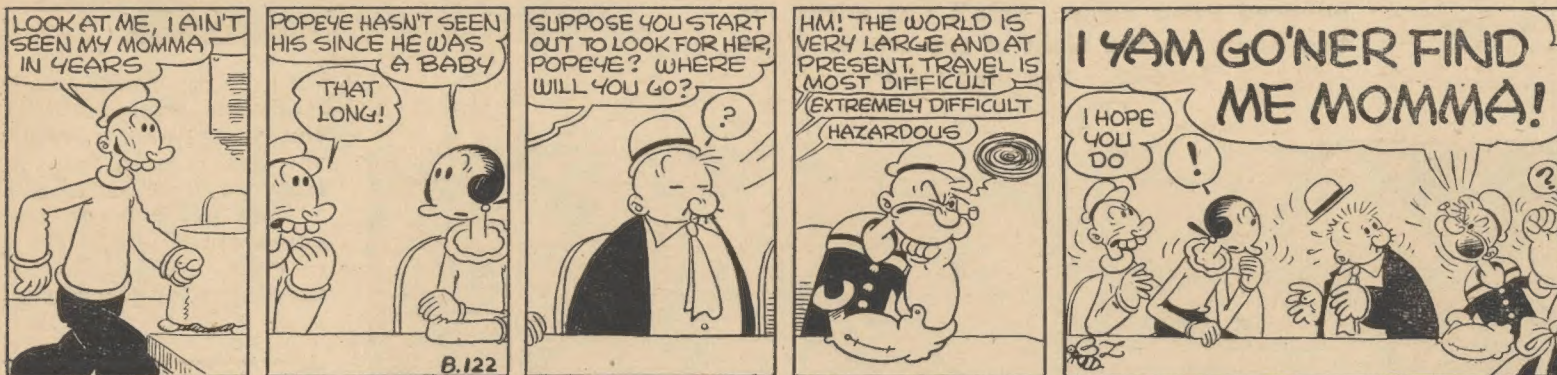
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

working. Look at the needle of the manometer. It indicates that the *Nautilus* is ascending, but the block of ice is ascending with it, and until some obstacle stops its upward movement our position will not be changed."

Suddenly a slight movement was felt in the hull. The *Nautilus* was evidently righting itself a little. The objects hung up in the saloon were insensibly recovering their normal position. The flooring became horizontal under our feet.

The captain went out, and I soon saw that, following his orders, they had stopped the ascension of the *Nautilus*. In fact, it would soon have struck against the bottom of the ice-bank, and it was better to keep it in the water.

"We have had a narrow escape!" then said Conseil.

"Yes. We might have been crushed between two blocks of ice, or, at least, imprisoned. And then, not being able to renew the air— Yes, we have had a narrow escape!"

"If that is all!" murmured Ned Land.

I did not wish to begin a useless discussion with the Canadian, so I did not answer him. Besides, at that moment the panels of the saloon were opened and the electric light shone through the glass panes.

We were in full water, but at a distance of thirty feet on each side of the *Nautilus* rose a dazzling wall of ice. Above and below the same wall. Above, because the bottom of the ice-bank formed an immense ceiling. Below, because the overturned block, gliding down by degrees, had found on the lateral walls two resting-places which kept it in that position. The *Nautilus* was imprisoned in a veritable tunnel of ice, about sixty feet wide, filled with tranquil water. It would, therefore, be easy for it to go out of it by going either backwards or forwards, and finding, at some hundreds of feet lower down, a free passage under the ice-bank.

It was then 5 a.m. At that moment a shock took place in the bows of the *Nautilus*. I knew that its prow had struck against a block of ice. This, I thought, must be a

companions also were silent. I soon threw myself upon a divan, and took a book which my eyes ran over mechanically.

A quarter of an hour afterwards Conseil came up to me and said—

"Is what monsieur is reading very interesting?"

"Very interesting," I replied.

"I thought so. It is monsieur's book that monsieur is reading!"

In fact, I held in my hand the work on the "Submarine Depths." I had not the least idea of it. I closed the book and resumed my walk.

At twenty-five minutes past eight a second shock took place, this time at the back. I turned pale. My companions came up to me. I seized Conseil's hand. We questioned each other with a look more directly than if words had interpreted our thoughts.

At that moment the captain entered the saloon. I went to him.

"The route is barricaded on the south?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. As the iceberg turned over it closed all issue."

"Then we are blocked up?"

"Yes."

(Continued to-morrow)

Diary of a Cabbage

By F. W. THOMAS

"LIFE without a variation of experience," says Mr. Gilbert Frankau, "is not life at all. As well be a cabbage."

A cabbage, he thinks, has no variation of experience, no excitements, no adventures, no thrills, no pain, no joy in life. This is nonsense. Why, an intelligent cabbage of my acquaintance told me once—but let me quote from her diary. (She was a lady cabbage, one of the well-known Brassica family.)

March 12.—Something is happening to me. There is a sharp pain in my stalk, and I do not feel very well. There is a sense of movement, an inward urge, a pushing forth.

March 13.—It has come. I have a new leaf, such a tender, delicate little thing, frail and crumpled. And I think there is another on the way.

NIGHT CHILL.

April 2.—Horror. Pulled up by the roots. I thought this was the end, but no. We are being planted out, and presently I shall have more lebensraum, more room to express myself and produce more beautiful leaves. Slight frost last night. One poor leaf died, but there is another coming.

April 6.—More and more slugs are eating my tender leaves, biting my very vitals. But my SOS was heard. Somebody squirted something at me. It smarted, but the slugs died. I feel better, but parts of me are full of holes.

FEELING BIG.

May 2.—This is wonderful. I am growing, swelling, growing. My head is getting bigger and bigger. Hope it is all right, but the pain is dreadful.

May 3.—A beautiful white fairy flew all round me this morning, such a lovely creature. Twice she sat on my fresh young leaves.

May 4.—A broccoli friend in the next bed tells me that the fairy was a Common Cabbage White, and that she probably laid eggs on me. Oh, horror! And still I cannot do anything.

May 16.—Little green things are crawling all over me. They are eating my leaves, boring holes in me. The agony of it. I am swarming with them, and I can hear them chewing and nibbling me, but can't do anything. Caterpillars! I am being eaten to death. If I am not here to-morrow, tell mother that my last thoughts were of her.

May 22.—Rain, thank goodness, just when I was dying of thirst. Several caterpillars drowned, the rest washed away. Leather jackets tickling my roots. Very irritating.

MAN WITH KNIFE.

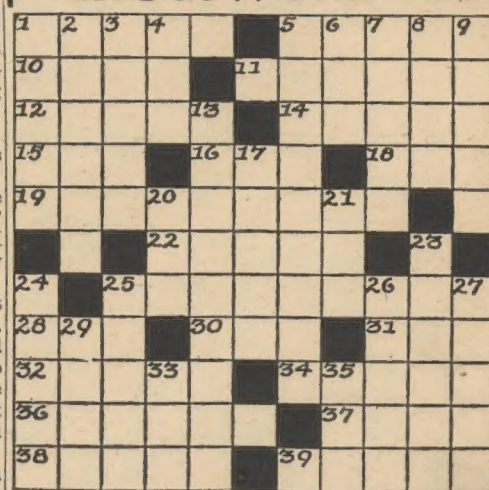
May 23.—What is happening? What is it all about? To-day a man came along and pinched my head. He said I would do in a day or two. He had a knife. Oh, oh, oh! O, O, O!

May 27.—My sister, who lived about a foot away, has been taken. The same man with the knife. I didn't dare look, but I heard her shriek, and when he had gone, there was her poor stump, headless. If only I could wriggle out.

May 28.—He is coming down the path again. I hear him talking about boiled bacon and cabbage. Does that mean me? Will no one come to my help? To be cut into pieces and boiled. Boiled in bubbling, boiling water. He is coming, coming nearer. . . . He has passed. I live again, but for how long? To-morrow? What of to-morrow? Heavens, if only I had legs! . . .

Don't tell me that cabbages don't see life!

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Extensive.
  - 5 Belief.
  - 10 Wind instrument.
  - 11 Verbal onslaught.
  - 12 Dowdy.
  - 14 Conceited folk.
  - 15 Tow.
  - 16 Emmet.
  - 18 Allow.
  - 19 Almost round bodies.
  - 22 Light heartedly.
  - 25 Propped up.
  - 28 Pricking tool.
  - 30 Washing solution.
  - 31 Wrath.
  - 32 Fret.
  - 34 Wrinkle.
  - 36 Opportune.
  - 37 Require.
  - 38 Meat dishes.
  - 39 Bovine groups.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Top rooms.
  - 2 Sudden.
  - 3 Approximate.
  - 4 Precious stones.
  - 5 Retroousse.
  - 6 Be mistaken.
  - 7 Metal spikes.
  - 8 Rim.
  - 9 Irascible.
  - 13 Comparisons.
  - 17 Clamorous.
  - 20 Self.
  - 21 Colour.
  - 23 Absorbed.
  - 24 Items of truth.
  - 25 Censure.
  - 26 Equestrian.
  - 27 Acts.
  - 29 Jot.
  - 33 Small number.
  - 35 Only.

CHAP RECORD LOCATE AVER INCH PHRASE EKE BEE LUG N DWELLS L TREAT POSTS O SILENT K CAP DUD ROE AMULET KIWI MERE ELEVEN PREENS NESS



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## THE MAN WHO CLIMBED THE GARDEN FENCE

Unsolved Mystery. Clues—Submarine moored to shore jetty; milk bottles in garden two hundred yards away; Ship's Cat adrift for two hours on the night of the crime. Who done it? See Ship's Cat.

## 'VERY TASTY'



And very sweet, too, from the expression of the consumer. Well, she deserves it, for she had just come back from a long swim when the cameraman said, "Hold it, Miss"—and she's still holding it for you to see.



## ★ LEICESTER SQUARE

It is not London—and it can't be Manchester, yet it's Leicester Square, all the same. This charming corner of "This England" is in Kent, and is a pictorial saga of the centuries it has seen—the Britain that is most eloquent of national maturity, and of the things that last.

## ★ SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I refuse to say where I was on the night of the 25th!"

